THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. XIV.—JULY 11, 1797.

For the NEW STAR.

THE *FRIEND*—I.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

IF you pleaſe, you may gratify the writer—if you ſhould, in the exerciſe of *your* prerogative, *turn* my ſcroll, I am poſſeſſed of ſo much docility, that I ſhould not be ſo highly affronted as to *challenge* you to combat: as did the North-Carolinean Mr. Thatcher for *rubbing* his Conſcience, when nobody could reaſonably ſuppoſe he had any, ſave *Foreign Conſciences*, which merits the coazing guillotine.—But I'm wandering from the point at which I ſtarted: my wiſh is to appear in the character of a domeſtic friend—I wiſh peace and happineſs to all who deſerve them—have not the vanity to ſuppoſe I ſhall add luſtre to your STAR, yet if I ſhould pleaſe any of your readers, it will gratify my vanity—I much approve your new-faſhioned book-aping paper; I think it far more convenient, and more likely to prove uſeful, than in the *Old Way*—And I do not ſee why your weekly numbers, when collected into a volume, will not anſwer the end of both magazine and newſpaper—If you had *money* enough to hire writers, or GENIUS had *philanthropy* enough to contribute its AID, I think your Star might be really more uſeful to community than any common form'd newſpaper: for it appears like preſenting one with *a new book* every week—and this I think muſt be eſpecially pleaſing to young readers.—I have lamented the deficiency in *Original* communications, which ſome of your good natured readers have been kind enough to complain of without remedying—this induced me to *offer* my *mite*: and although your criticiſing grumbletonians may take it into their very grave heads, to tell me that *my* remedy is worſe than the *diſeaſe*; yet, Meſſrs. Printers, if you conſent, I will proceed.——[*Go on.*]

I have noticed that moſt writers chooſe ſome ſignature—and, leſt it might be deemed *indecorous*, and I without a name declared an *illegitimate*; and believing too that the chief merit of many an author lies wholly in his *good title*; I reſolved to aſſume the garb of the *Friend*—and inconſiderately placed after it No. I, without knowing its particular uſe, or whether I ſhall ever make you a ſecond viſit.

To gratify the *curioſity* of readers who wiſh to know *who*, *where* and *what* the author is, I here add negatively *who* I am *not*: 1ſt. I

am

am *not* a churlish Old Bachelor, [who are generally *suspicious* unpleasant animals]—Nor am I a fastidious, prudish, teazing, *figgity* Old Maid, [poor uncomfortable, unwelcome creatures]—I am not a disappointed, *revengeful* Lover, [broken-hearted and forlorn] despairing of life, and *afraid to die!* Neither am I a Fair Unfortunate, who have witnessed with aching heart, the perfidy of *deceptive man*; nor been left to lament the *loss of virtue* at the expense of happiness: Such, I sincerely pity, and view their misfortunes with the *Eye of Charity*, whose honest unsuspecting hearts have been *betrayed*, by that despoiler, *man*—And is it not the duty of every FRIEND to the *Fair half of Creation*, to caution them to be on their guard against the serpentine wiles of those, whose ungenerous behaviour entitles them to contempt?—I am not a *deceived* husband—Nor a *cheating* wife: assuming the *fair show* of Innocence itself.—All the foregoing characters, *inquisitive* reader, I disavow, and deplore——I had almost said *decry*——Though if a man be compelled *to sit alone*, and can find no *Dear Rib* to cheer his solitary life—or if a maid's *fair rose* be left to *wither on the stalk*, and she be forced to wear the *unwelcome* title of *O. M.*—such ought rather to be *pitied* than *jeered*.—Thus having told the reader what I *am not*, it is but fair to give him some account of who and what I *am*—I am of *pedigree* the first, and descended in a right line from the most ancient family in the habitable world—and I can *perfectly* remember, that my good mother used to tell me when a little boy, (I am now grown to be a great man, almost six feet long) that I was *an unlucky child of Old Adam & Eve*; though I never *knew* any father but *Benjamin*—and I cannot for the life of me find out that those *unlucky* good old ancestors are nearer akin to me, than that they may possibly have been my great great great grandfather's great grandfather and grandmother's grandpapa and grandmama by marriage—This, I presume, the reader will not dispute—and if he is contented with this fair account of my ancestorial relationship, I will detain him no longer, than just to hint to him, that I find more solid pleasure at home in the innocent society of my *lov'd little family*, (for I am married, and can you tell the *relation* in which my offspring will stand to my ancient ancestors aforesaid?—I recollect to have read somewhere, that

——"*When* DEAD, *it matters not*
To whom related, or by whom begot."

——I say, I will let the reader go on his way, after telling him that *I* enjoy more happiness in society at home, singing *lul-la-by* to my dear blooming boy, than the rake can in his *brothel*; or the *bacchanal* in his wine; or the gambler in *nine-pin-alley*, or in cutting the cards to the tune of "*The Knave will beat the Queen.*"—

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

THIS "lesson of the spoons" [*Silver* spoons, I suppose Marcellus means]——This *lesson of the spoons*, I do not so well relish—For as our good fate has ordered it, we have the luck

have

have none but *pewter* ſpoons—and in theſe we cannot for our lives diſcover our *pretty faces*—[*though I can ſee our* intereſt *in them*]—Aye, the Spoons! the Silver Spoons!—— My good Rus has been continually ſounding in my ears, *this leſſon of the ſpoons!* ever ſince we got your laſt paper: and nothing will do, but we muſt have the *ſilver ſpoons!* and for fear of the *conſequence* of not having them, I muſt go and run in debt——What comes next?—The PAY!—Aye, there's the *rub*, Mr. Marcellus—Oh, the ſpoons! the ſpoons! I wiſh Marcellus had kept his *Mother Goſe* to himſelf ſeven or eight months longer——for I am afraid her face will make *queer work* at this *warm* ſeaſon——if ſhe injures nobody elſe, I am ſure it will be a great damage to

POOR I.

For the NEW STAR.

Meſſrs. RUSSEL & DAVIS,

IN your laſt STAR I was entertained with the hints of Marcellus for the improvement of the human ſpecies. From obſerving the marriages and the children among my acquaintance, I believe of his—reaſoning *that there is ſomething in it*, and while the recommendations which we have of Prince Edward, Pennſylvanian, Young Chandler, Driver, Wild Deer, Wild Deer, jun. and the Horſe Swift, ſhow what care is taken for the improvement of a certain irrational animal—I ſhould be very happy if any rules can be aſcertained and attended to for the cultivation and improvement of that nobleſt of the creation, Man.—N. B. Could Marcellus deviſe ſome way a little more *to mend their morals*, he would yet further oblige the public, and particularly

HORATIO.

FOR THE STAR.

Meſſrs. Printers,

UNABLE to buy a clock or watch, but in my retired ſituation wiſhing for ſomething to keep time by, eſpecially on Sabbath days, I purchaſed an hour glaſs; but it required troubleſome care to turn it when run out; and beſides, in a few weeks the cat threw it down out of the window and broke it—I then ſent below, purchaſed a ſun dial, placed it on a poſt by the door, true with the north pole, which I find ſo convenient to know the time when to go to meeting, how long to ſtay at noon, when to go to a day's work, and when for my wife to hang on the pot, and call me to dinner when at home; that I can't but wiſh you to deſire ſome of our merchants to bring them up to C—— for ſale; that many of my neighbors who wiſh for them, may be conveniently ſupplied. They coſt but a few pence—and in the run of a year, they are of benefit (I was going to ſay) *many pounds*. N. B. Though I am poor, yet I wiſh you to ſend me your *Newſpaper Book*, which *they* ſay *is* called the STAR. I rather work a little *more harder* in a week, or ſpend a little leſs, to get ſomething to pay for them with—than not to know what is going on in the world; and ſome of my neighbors too begin to be of the ſame mind, but they are afraid there will be a good deal of balder-

dash

dash in your news-print—but I tell them there won't—I believe a good many besides myself will take—do print as nice as you can, and you will be a gainer by it.

ANTHONY MEANWELL.

Messrs. EDITORS
OF THE STAR,

RIGHT glad I am that the several towns through the state are obliged to raise so much money for the support of schools; happy, could it be well applied, and were none employed as instructors but those of competent knowledge and abilities—Many errors in the usual mode of instruction need reforming; one in the very *first rudiments* occurs to mind, and which is very general, viz. the pronunciation of the last letter in the alphabet, commonly pronounced *effurd*, but sometimes, which is equally bad, *zee*—It takes its name from the letter S, which pronounced in a hard way gives the proper sound of Z, which from that circumstance may well enough be called *S hard*. But teach a child to call the letter effurd, and tell him to spell *hazard*, and to be consistent he must spell aytch, a, effurd, and put it together hazard!—Or teach him to call it zee, and to read the word *fuzee*, and he will read ef, u, zee, and put it together fuzee.—But teach him to pronounce the letter exactly according to the sound which it has in the word hazard, and then tis exactly right.

GRAMMATICUS.

☞ The application of money to the support of Schools, cannot be TOO liberal.

ON *LOVE*.

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. RUSSEL & DAVIS,

If you think the following worthy a place in your paper, please to insert it. TYPO.

LOVE! What is love? It is a noun substantive, for it may be seen, felt, smelt, heard, tasted, and understood. I beg your pardon there, *Mr. Myself*, for it cannot stand by itself—besides, it cannot be tasted, heard, smelt nor seen, though it may be FELT;—neither can it be understood.—Love is like—let me see what it is like—it is like the axle-tree of a carriage, it acquires heat by friction—it is like a salamander, it lives in the midst of flames—it is like a plumb-pudding, its sweets are out of sight—it is like a sponge, there is no solidity in it—it is like the moon, it shines with a borrowed light—it is like *Moliere's malade imaginaire*, its evils are imaginary—It is like the fabulous cameleon, it lives upon air—it is like a telescope, it represents objects out of their natural form; it magnifies beauties, and diminishes deformities—it is like fame, *vires acquirit eundo*—it is like a thief, it steals into us imperceptibly—it is like Judas, it betrays us with a kiss—it is like hunger, it breaks down stone walls—it is like coffee, it is a somnifuge—it is like a porcupine, (yes the Philadelphia porcupine) it is full of darts—it is like a looking glass, it brings to our view the shadow or reflection of a person—it is like a jailer, it keeps us in chains. In short, he is the king

of

of kings, and emperor of the whole earth. Every heart feels, and every tongue confesses his power:—Music, poetry, wit, are his handmaids; anger, revenge, disappointment, despair, death, and murder, are his followers and attendants. Love is a tyrant, and like the late *Grand Monarque*, the more severely cruel he is, the more fawningly he is adored. His slaves are the most contradictory beings in the world, you hear them talk of pleasing pains, killing beauties, murdering kindnesses, and happy deaths; they kiss the very ground whereon their kind love has condescended to impress her hallowed steps; they drink rivers of bliss where there is no water to be seen. They make briny floods to run, where there is not water enough to drown a fly. They live without a heart, and yet are full of courageous resolutions. They fly on the wings of love, when they are not possessed of a single feather. They are only half of another, and yet all their members are perfect, and form a complete whole. And that is all I will say on this subject.

IMAGINARY STOCK:

A NEW SHOP.

I too, Messrs. Printers, taking the hint from the "Looker-On," would cheerfully dispose my stock (which is certainly imaginary) *in the window of your New Shop—Here it is:*

I Accidentally heard neighbour Stiffneck say, he thought the Quaker's *Silent Worship* was imaginary stock as much as the *Hypocrite's Hope*, or the *Pharisee's Boast*. But I don't believe it: for I think it more commendable to keep silence, than utter a lie——to be *grateful without speaking*, than to mount the house top to give *thanks that we are not as other men!* Whosoever does this, deals in imaginary stock—and must soon *fail* in the opinion of his neighbors.—— Whether a man's outside garb be a *surplice* or a *frock*, it matters not: if he nor speaks the truth nor adheres to his word, his stock is imaginary.

Neighbor Sly turns his cattle into *his* pasture adjoining *my* cornfield and mowing; now it is my interest to make good fence; but, *a change of pasture makes fat calves*; and some part of *his* fence looks like *brush*: Is not this imaginary stock?——The loss of my corn witnesseth.

He who keeps a good fence, a good measure, and true weights, his is not imaginary stock; but it is really good.

The Gambler, when he pays a sixpenny promise, pays imaginary stock—and tis but imaginary pleasure for him to count *high, low, jack and the game*——he had better stick to his plow or his trade—— But the dread, the fear, the anxiety of a wife at her husband's absence from his family on such silly inconsistent employment, this is not imaginary stock——and her husband must have fail'd in his stock of humanity: or he would not put his family on the wreck, sporting with his neighbor's property or money which he has perhaps found credit to borrow.

Think of this, Mr. Gambler; and quit your imaginary stock.

Did

Did any of you ever by a fall break a leg, or an arm, or fracture a *scull*!—[unlucky scull!]—when *a little too tipsey*?—You must certainly confess that the *drunkard's* pleasure is imaginary stock.—But I will leave it to some of your other invalids to contribute *their* portion of imaginary stock also———

GOOD BYE.

PARNASSIAN RIVULET.

Printing.

BY A BROTHER TYPE.

AUSPICIOUS ART, all hail!
Long may thy light prevail
O'er ignorance:
May superstition flee,
And own a foe in thee;
May all mankind, more free,
Thy fame enhance.
Transfuse thy genial rays,
Enkindle Freedom's blaze,
In every breast:
Through every clime extend,
Be Man's fraternal friend—
Live thou till time shall end—
By all caress't.
Extend o'er all the earth;
All men shall own thy worth;
And Discord cease:
Give to all beings light,
Thy chain of knowledge bright
All nations shall unite
In bands of peace.

E'er may the PRESS be free
As it can useful be,
And unrestrain'd——
May Rulers live in awe,
And rule by Reason's law,
Or all its vengeance draw
On them disdain'd.
Parent of every art,
Long may thy aid impart
To Science life:
May all thy sons, with joy,
Judiciously employ
Their influence to destroy
The seeds of strife.

FOR THE NEW STAR.

THE *MONITOR.*

LET *the envious, throw away his suspicion; let the malicious forget revenge; let the scornful forget pride; let the proud man cease to be contumelious; let the haughty remember his end; let enemies forget their hatred;*——*Let us all unite cheerfully in our best and most hearty endeavors, to cultivate, cherish and strengthen a spirit of brotherly love, peace, harmony, unity and fraternal friendship; living at peace one with another; forgiving one another; condescending one to another;*——*So may we enjoy pleasures without ceasing*——*It will make our name honorable*——*Thus we might truly say our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places* CONCORDIA.

VIRTUE—A MORSEL.

VIRTUE *has charms which command the veneration of the most dissolute men: and the most abandoned prostitute would blush openly to revile its beauties*——*'Tis in the power of every one to possess it.*

Treaty with Tripoli.

The President of the United States has caused to be published, and issued his proclamation, commanding a strict observance of the following treaty; regularly negotiated and ratified.

TREATY of Peace & Friendship between the United States of America, and the Bey and subjects of Tripoli of Barbary.

Art. 1. There is a firm and perpetual friendship between the United States of America and the Bey and subjects of Tripoli of Barbary, made by the free consent of both parties, and guaranteed by the most potent Dey and Regency of Algiers.

Art. 2. If any goods belonging to any nation with which either of the parties is at war, shall be loaded on board of vessels belonging to the other party, they shall pass free, and no attempt shall be made to take or detain them.

Art. 3. If any citizens, subjects or effects belonging to either party, shall be found on board a prize vessel taken from an enemy by the other party, such citizen or subjects shall be set at liberty and the effects restored to the owners.

Art. 4. Proper passports are to be given to all vessels of both parties, by which they are to be known -----And considering the distance between the two countries, eighteen months from the date of this treaty shall be allowed for procuring such passports. During this interval the other papers belonging to such vessels shall be sufficient for their protection.

Art. 5. A citizen or subject of either party having bought a prize condemned by the party or by any other nation, the certificate of condemnation and bill of sale shall be a sufficient passport for such vessels for one year: this being a reasonable time for her to procure a proper passport.

Art. 6. Vessels of either party putting into the ports of the other and having need of provisions or other supplies, they shall be furnished at the market price. And if any such vessel shall so put in from disafter at sea, and have occasion to repair, she shall be at liberty to land and re-embark her cargo, without paying any duties. But in no case shall she be compelled to land her cargo.

Art. 7. Should a vessel of either party be cast on the shore of the other, all proper assistance shall be given to her and her people; no pillage shall be allowed, the property shall remain at the disposition of the owners, and the crew protected and succoured till they can be sent to their country.

Art. 8. If a vessel of either party should be attacked by an enemy within gun shot of the forts of the other, she shall be defended as much as possible. If she be in port, she shall not be seized or attacked when it is in the power of the other party to protect her; and when she proceeds to sea no enemy shall be allowed to pursue her from the same port within twentyfour hours after her departure.

Art. 9. The commerce between the United States and Tripoli----- the protection to be given to merchants, masters of vessels and seamen---

men---the reciprocal right of eſtabliſhing conſuls in each country, and the privileges, immunities and juriſdictions to be enjoyed by ſuch conſuls, are declared to be on the ſame footing with thoſe of the moſt favored nations reſpectively.

Art. 10. The money and preſents demanded by the Bey of Tripoli as a full and ſatisfactory conſideration on his part, and on the part of his ſubjects, for this treaty of perpetual peace and friendſhip, are acknowledged to have been received by him previous to his ſigning the ſame, according to a receipt which is hereto annexed, except ſuch part as is promiſed on the part of the United States to be delivered and paid by them on the arrival of their conſul in Tripoli, of which part a note is likewiſe hereto annexed. And no pretence of any periodical tribute or further payment is ever to be made by either party.

Art. 11. As the government of the United States of America is not in any ſenſe founded on the Chriſtian Religion, as it has in itſelf no character of enmity againſt the laws, religion or tranquility of Muſſelmen; and as the ſaid States have never entered into any war or act of hoſtility againſt any Mahometan nation, it is declared by the parties, that no pretext ariſing from religious opinions ſhall ever produce an interruption of the harmony exiſting between the two countries.

Art. 12. In caſe of any diſpute ariſing from a violation of any of the articles of this treaty, no appeal ſhall be made to arms, nor ſhall war be declared on any pretext whatever. But if the Conſul reſiding in the place where the diſpute ſhall happen, ſhall not be able to ſettle the ſame, an amicable reference ſhall be made to the mutual friend of the parties, the Dey of Algiers, hereby engaging to abide by his deciſion. And he by virtue of his ſignature to this treaty, engages for himſelf and his ſucceſſors, to declare the juſtice of the caſe according to true interpretation of the treaty, and to uſe all the means in his power to enforce the obſervance of the ſame.

Signed and Sealed at Tripoli of Barbary, the 3d day of Jumad in the year of the Higera 1211---*correſponding with the 4th day of Nov.* 1796——*by*

(L. S.) JUSSUF BASHAW MAHOMET, *Bey.*
(L. S.) MAMET, *Treaſurer.*
(L. S.) AMET, *Miniſter of Marine.*
(L. S.) AMET, *Chamberlain.*
(L. S.) ALLY, *Chief of the Divan.*
(L. S.) SOLIMAN KAYA.
(L. S.) GALIL, *Gen. of the Troops.*
(L. S.) MAHOMET, *Comdt. of the City.*
(L. S.) MAMET, *Secretary.*

Signed and Sealed at Algiers, the 4th day of April, 1211, *correſponding with the 3d day of Jan.* 1797, *by*

(L. S.) HASSAN BASHAW, *Dey.*

And by the Agent Plenipotentiary of the United States of America.

(L. S.) JOEL BARLOW.

Signed by the President June 10, 1797.

ANECDOTE.

THE late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my Lord," ſaid Foote to him one day, "come and look over my garden wall; my cucumbers are very backward."